On one of these outings, an exhausted young man with a camera turned up. His name was Karl de Haan and he came from Holland. He had been riding round the mountains taking photos until his horse wore out, then walked till his feet wore out. The dispensary at Simonkong was of the customary design. A dispenser and I saw patients in a little rondavel with a table, two chairs and a shelf of bottles. Karl took some photographs there while I was busy, and as there was a spare seat in the plane, we gave him a lift back, and he stayed with us for a few days.

We had nothing to do one evening so I took him out onto the veldt with a handful of assegais I had acquired, and showed him how to throw them. I demonstrated how it was done. “You hold it like this?” he asked, “and throw it like this?” I said that it looked as if he had got the idea. He then threw the spear so far that it flew practically out of sight. It turned out that he was a reserve Olympic javelin thrower for Holland so I felt extremely stupid. After he had gone home, he sent us some beautiful photographs he had taken in Simonkong, and some in the Queen Elizabeth Hospital.

Picture of Colin Smith by Karl de Haan

illustrated on cover and p. 2 of “Green Mountain Doctor” Memoirs of a government medical officer in Basutoland in the nineteen sixties” by Colin Smith

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